

Fables for
Everyday
Folks

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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The Touch-Me-Not Lady.

ONCE upon a time there was a woman. She had several attributes. One of them was PITY. She believed that, like charity, pity begins at home. And so she pitied HERSELF first of all.

Those whose charity does not begin at home called her a SENSITIVE SOUL, which is just a beautiful name for the common name called touch-me-not variety.

Now, this touch-me-not lady would have been all very well if she had left the rest of her OUTSIDE her calculations. But she insisted on the forget-me-not attitude also; and manifested it accordingly.

One of these manifestations was an inheritance from her predecessor, Nobe, the woman of weeps, and at all occasions, willy-nilly, would bring on the pearly drops.

When she told you of a friend who had gone to the hospital she would cry about it, no matter how WELL that friend was doing. If she showed you the picture of her mother, who was far, far away, she would cry a little more.

A pathetic ballad on the piano would bring forth a few more weeps. On occasions, Husband would say something MEANT to be humorous. It happened to be a shoe that fitted—which would turn on a torrent. If he called up on the phone saying he had a "lodge" meeting that night and would not be home to dinner, some really VENEXIOUS brine would flow.

If her little "hopeful" came in with a splinter in his little finger—more little tears. Should the maid have left suddenly and she had to get a few meals, although the world is full of maids, she was MISERABLE and everybody else about her.

There were few festivities at which SHE was not GRIEVED. She went to weddings, because they were "so sad," and cried at funerals for a similar reason. She did not cry at HER OWN funerals only—anybody else's would do.

Life was just one weep after another, and her friends thought she had wept enough to float the Maine.

Now, it happened that even friends must, of necessity, go on the theory of "laugh and the world, &c." For it was difficult to approach her on anything at which she was not supersensitive and would not feel hurt.

Sammy and the Subway; the Quest of a Seat

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By
Clare Victor DigginsThe
Papers
Say

By John L. Hobbie

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OUR President would no doubt welcome the old English custom of the ex-ruler remaining dead during the term of his successor.

For living upright, honorable lives twelve men have been sentenced to thirty days in the jury box.

As to Presidents, we are in favor of giving each one of them two terms so the school children of the future will not have so many names to remember.

The millionaire who was arrested for speeding in Trenton now threatens to go there and invest his money.

The members of the Kansas Ter party are being taught a lesson. But isn't there another lesson for the gospel?

Sandman Stories

Written and
Illustrated

By Eleanor Schorer

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The Girl, the Bird and the Mouse.

LONG, long time ago, when every one owned a farm, or a castle, and there were no apartment houses, there lived a little girl who was very rich.

But she had no mamma and no papa so her wicked uncles took all her money away from her. This she did not mind, for she still had a great little bird who brought her food each day. The bird was her little playmate, too; and they were very happy.

The uncles heard of the good little bird and decided to take him, too. For they thought that if he could bring THEM food each day they would not have to buy any and then they would be RICHER THAN EVER. So one day they came and took him away from the child.

Now the poor little girl did not know what to do. She was feeling very hungry for she had had no food for a whole day!

She had heard of how very good and kind the Sandman was to little children who were in trouble so that night she asked him to help get her dear little playmate out of the tower.

The Sandman then sent her a dream. She dreamed that she met a little mouse who lived in her uncles' castle and who said:

"Follow me, poor little girl, and I will help you to get your pretty birdie once more."

And in her dream she followed the mouse, who gnawed through the wall of her uncles' house and freed the little bird prisoner.

She awoke bright and early the next morning and walked over the meadow and down the stream to the place where she dreamed she had met the clever little mouse. She had not been there more than a minute when sure enough, along came a little mouse, JUST THE SAME AS IN HER DREAM!

And always after that the good mouse, the pretty birdie, and the poor little girl lived together. And whenever they were troubled about anything they asked the kind Sandman to help them out.



Some Good Stories of the Day

Bad Day for Boating.

A fashionable seaside resort a lady visitor, in charge of some half dozen youngsters, went to make bargain with the boatman on the beach.

She came to be pretty well known, and her patronage was not particularly desired.

"Well, John," she remarked to a boatman one morning, "what will you charge to row us round the point?"

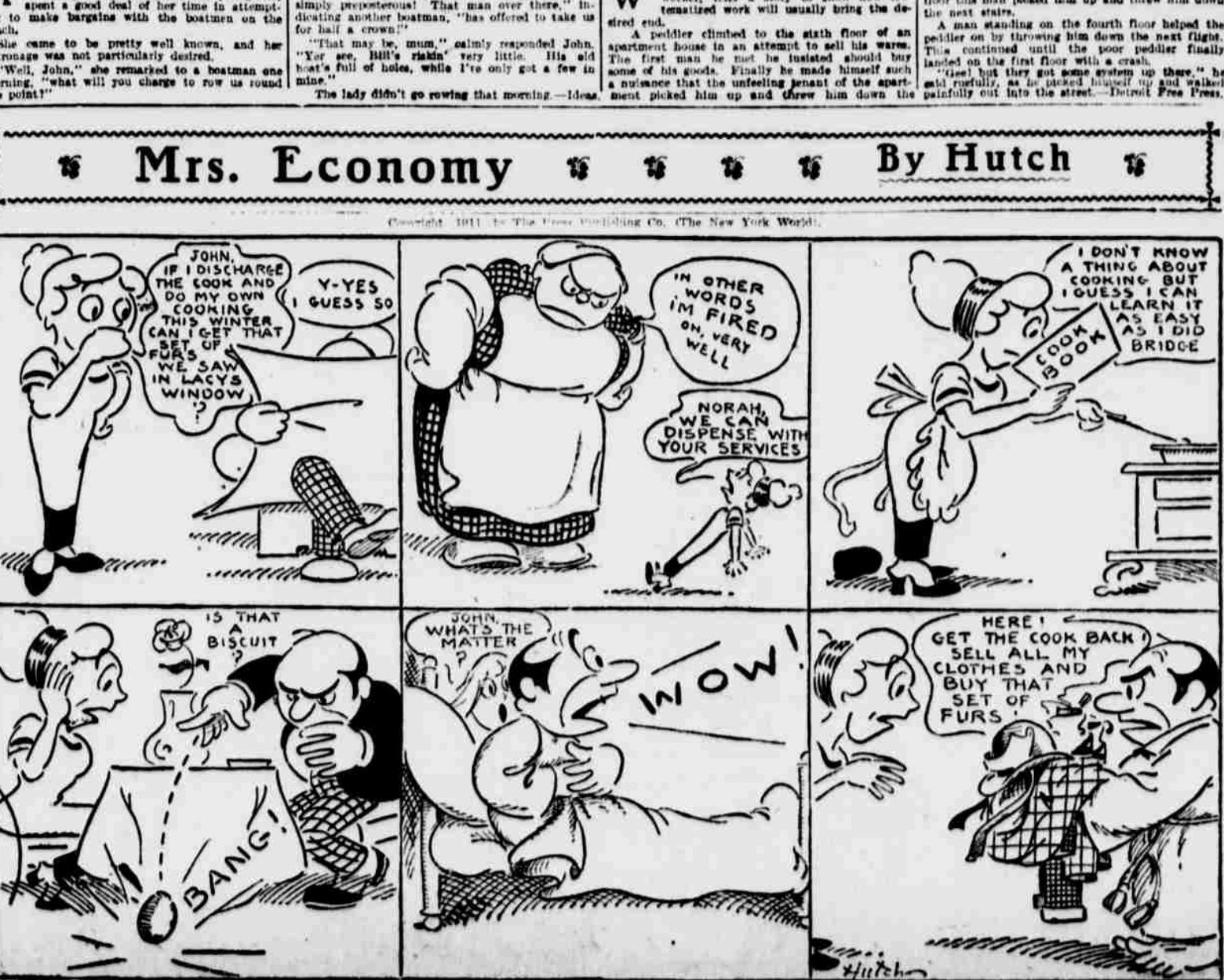
Had a Great System.

WILLIAM C. PHILLIPS, the child-welfare worker, tells a story to show how systematic work will usually bring the desired end.

A peddler climbed to the sixth floor of an apartment house in an attempt to sell his wares. The first man he met he insisted should buy some of his goods. Finally he made himself such a nuisance that the unwilling tenant of the apartment picked him up and threw him down the stairs.

Mrs. Economy

By Hutch



Memoirs of a Commuter

By Barton Wood Currie

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UNTIL I set up my Laredo and Penzance in the valley of the Passaic I had only the vague urban notion that what (bridge or the ancient unbridged variety) was a game that is played decorously, quietly and with slow, cautious deliberation.

I had never even heard of such games as Commuter's Whist, Cannon Ball Hearts or Mile-a-Minute Poker.

Initiated, And, while not yet a feverish devotee ruthlessly trampling my fellow-commuters in a rush for the smoking cars, I knew the "elbow" and the "double-trip" that help one win his way to a seat in a game with three red-eyed frenetics capable of dealing and playing forty hands of whist in forty seconds and playing out an extra hand after the train has departed from the home station.

Commuter's Whist is not an art that is gained in a day or a week or a month. It is more difficult to acquire than golf and a dinged right merrily and nervously, I will never forget the first day I was initiated into the game. A fourth member of a "permanent game" had suddenly burned out and was being prepared for planting. I was taken in. The man with the yellow beard and the long, pointed teeth sized me up as a veteran of the game. I had only recently settled down in my triple-mortgaged villa and wore that harassed and haunted look that accrues to one who sits up nights to figure out interest by integral calculus.

"Take a hand," commanded the man with the yellow beard. And I put down my paper and crossed the aisle. He even of my coat and sat down. I had been dealt a hand. My partner was the man with the long, sharp teeth. Before I looked at my cards he blurted out:

"Why don't you say something?"

I said "Hearts," blithely. There wasn't one in my hand. I made four misplays. But I didn't trump my partner's ace, possessing no trumps. The man with the stiletto-edged teeth said nothing vocally, but his red eyes overwhelmed me with anathemas. The tired-looking youth with the old face spoke to me softly when it came my turn to deal, saying merely:

"You are growing old rapidly. You will have a long hard by the time you finish that deal."

The others smiled fendishly at this and ground their teeth.

Of course, I was losing money straight along for the man with the teeth, but as he had enticed me into the game I didn't feel very badly about it. My only feeling was that as we went through the tunnel he might turn out the lamp above our heads and bite me. He had a blinding face, a murderous eye and a malicious manner.

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Just for Fun.

SHE—When it was given out that his cashier ran off with \$50,000, he didn't seem to mind at all.

HE—Is he so rich as not to miss it? SHE—Well, he was puzzled. He owned \$50,000 in his life—FitzGerald Blaster.

"That's a smart thing I've done," said the doctor to his assistant.

"What's that, doctor?"

"I have put my signature in the column 'cause of death' in this death certificate."—Tid-Bits.

"Son, I wish you wouldn't play football this season. It worries your mother."

"I must have some excitement, dad."

"Well, be a good boy and I'll let you enlist in this European war."—Courier-Journal.

Mr. Crimmonbeak—Here's an item which says the swan outlives any other bird, in extreme cases reaching 30 years.

Mrs. Crimmonbeak—And, remember, John, the swans live on water.—Barred Heart Review.

"My husband says he always does better work when thinking of me."

"I noticed he made a very good job of beating the carpets."—Pittsburgh Post.

"What is your idea of patriotism?"

"Patriotism," replied Senator Sorghum, "is what inspires a man to point out many causes for reform in his country, but causes him to resent an endorsement of his views by a foreigner."

—Washington Star.